and tokens, to know Cupide the Poets God of Loue. But more particularlye I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned Loue and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe.

VVillye. Thomalin.

THomalin, why sytten we soe,
As weren ouerwent with woe,
Upon so fayre a morow?
The ioyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorowe.

Thomalin.

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well:
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

VVillye.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studde,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And vtter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make ready *Maias* bowre,
That newe is vpryst from bedde.
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to were light,
That scornefully lookes askaunce,
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That nowe sleepeth in *Lethe* lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willye, I wene thou bee assott:
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

VVillye.

How kenst thou, that he is awoke?

Or

Or hast thy selfe his slomber by
Or made preuie to the same
Thomalin.
No, but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hid
With winges of purple and
And were not, that my sheepe w
The preuie marks I would bet
Whereby by chaunce I him
VVillye.
Thomalin, haue no care for thy
My selfe will haue a double eye.
Ylike to my flocke and thine
For als at home I haue a spyre,
A stepdame eke as whott as fyr
That dewly adayes counts
Thomalin.
Nay, but thy seeing will not ser
My sheepe for that may chaunc
And fall into some mischiefe
For sithens is but the third mor
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe w
And waked againe with gri
The while thilke same vnhappy
Whose clouted legge her hurt
Fell headlong into a dell.
And there vnioynted both her b
Wought her necke bene ioynted
She shoulde haue neede no
Thelf was so wanton and so wo
(But now I trowe can better g
She mought ne gang on the
VVillye.
Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast
Now tell vs, what thou hast
Thomalin.
It was vpon a holiday,